

Down, In The Thrall Of It All

go slow
cruel to himself and generous about it
cruel to the world (it's) not hard to spot it
can't give up
shut up
on a tirade
off the top of his head
so ripe becoming rotten
he's hit the wailing wall
to pass out hard upon
he's kissed the wailing wall

in the thrall of it all

failed his name with no care to hide it
failed escape it's documented
instilled or distilled
the spike or the chill
it's immolation
The lust of non-existence
he's hit the wailing wall
to pass out hard upon
he's kissed the Wailing Wall

headstone tells but nothing about him
headstone reads two decades wasted
a funeral pyre
with no one to burn it
(and nobody attending)

BECAUSE SELF DESTRUCTION BRINGS MISFORTUNE
IN THE THRALL OF IT ALL

no lower heaven
for his bones
nor handing life back
what it's owed
caretaker careless
of what he's sown
porously reaching
his lowest low
the negative has just begun
joining the war impossible...

in the thrall of it all